



Fate Screwer



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Chapter 1 by MonochromeSunset

When I'm not alert, he comes to play. An unmasked insanity comes. It fills you up with pressure, the pressure of something that you had never felt before. Sadness, loneliness, **depression** was what he brought.

He clouds your mind. It fills up like a submarine with a faulty doors, crushing all sparks of hope and courage, and, instead replacing it with thoughts so cruel one could not easily imagine what they were. But this is not a contest of 'who has the worse thought?', as it is a serious condition.

It makes me sick seeing how one could easily toy with another's mind. It gave him full control of my body, I had never seen such a display of proportions. The microchip on my neck had never broke before, this was most definitely the first time this happened, because, if it isn't, that means the fate of humanity was sealed to be controlled by a small group. I call them/him 'Fate Screwer'.

But out of everything, why me? If I was to be so precious, where is my money's worth? Was it because I was a regular, law-obeying person? In my time there is no 'no'. There is only a 'yes sir'.

It was rather boring, until he came. I could tell no one, it regularly wasn't me controlling my mind, when I thought it was the n... See more of Story Wars
Screwer, my throat would... about 'Fate Screwer'

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'Hi, there! Want to play?' was the thought in the back of my mind. It was a coarse, rough and yet high voice telling me this. He is going to take over...

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